

Quickflicks
Europe
London

UFO
Roundhouse
Fri Night

Round house round old
house in Camden Town London
cell mecca cell light
splashed on round
stone rocksound
off stone round floor

 color
dance as in pollen sunlight
allarounddust light
 broken into colordust
soundust sound petal
people digging flowing
flowering people circling dripping
color the young dance
 round hands round eyes
round feathers beads bells
 drifting up down in round
this house

a young house round should be
a round house young &
 the house of the young
would be round if it could
roundly it would welcome round
all strangers

 but
 round eyes here
squint at grey beard me &
surprise query wary looking
for credentials clothes years
pause at beads

 to be ok'd
 in round this house
where all should be in who
 came in
but an old round story of fear
& the stranger suspicion act
seems here seeded into all
the incense beads feathers
& bells

 & no magic will suffice

velvet red turf green melting
of eyelids squeezed just before

one bird
now spins music hops just 10
years old again & glad & glad
London '67
in the Round house round place
bird
bird
will you burn

-- Thomas Fitzsimmons

Rochester, Michigan

WATCHING THE BOOKS ONE DAY AT JIM LOWELLS BAR
AND INTO THE PLACE THEY CAME RUNNING

with hoses fifty yards long the firemen came running
they came with the small guarded eyes of men
who want to save others from fire and
into the place with jingling galoshes they came
and pressed back through the smoke
as if it were petals of death, looking for the fire
which was not to be found
which was concealed somewhere like a red rose
whining in a bottle, and all the old men
sat silently at the bar with nowhere else to go
and around all their shoulders had fallen
the blue mantle of not caring... the backs of
many heads growing vague like things
in a garden of hell, and the firemen
began to notice that they were not alone,
they screamed at the old men to get their asses moving
they grabbed whole shoulders and shook them
to open the eyes of dead children
and one by one the old men went,
reluctant, the silhouettes of birds
leaving a summer country, the night going away
over hills and hills, until the bar
was empty and the firemen returned
to put out the fire, and one old
man with legs as determined as
trees walked back in to finish his drink